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DANCES TANGO FOR MINISTERS

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 22 .-Mrs. James J. Storrow, wife of one of Boston's banking heads and a leading society matron and social investigator, has danced the tango before a meeting of clergymen, social workers, and church association to prove that when properly danced, it is a decorous sort of thing, it was learned today.

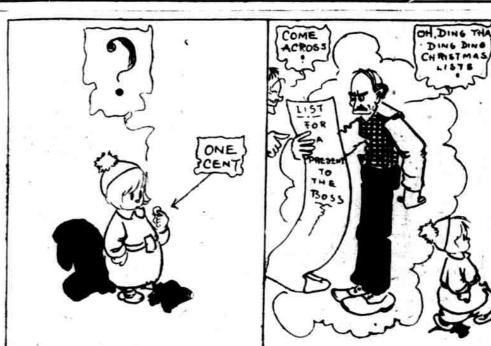
"It is as refined and beautiful be danced otherwise."

Matter, Pop?"

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By C. M. PAYNE

as the minuet," she said to them, "provided, of course, that it is danced properly. Because it is sometimes danced improperly is no reason why it should never









THE HOUR OF CONFLICT

By A. HAMILTON-GIBBS Author of "Cheadle & Son." etc

(Copyright, 1913, by Frank A. Munsey Co.)

is when the hour of conflict is over bistory comes to a ripe understand-of the strife, and is ready to ex-n: "Lo." God is here, and we knew ot,"—Bancroft.

HERE were two girls on the strip of grass outside the Cafe Tardot One of them, brown and strongly with thick, black hair burned at the edges by the sun, full lips, and large dark eyes which sparkled like a gypsy's, was swinging an old driver, following through in perfect style with all her weight and strength. "Well, what do you think of that, Marthe? If that had been a ball!" She threw up her hand in an expressive

Marthe leaped up from the grass an reached out for the club

"Let me have a go," said she She took up the driver and began

waggle at a dandelion The May sun made little shimmers of heat dance for joy on the crien turf of the links, and threw the shadows of the children sharply behind them onto the wide, dusty road which climbed up from the cafe until it breasted the head land, beneath which the sea lapped softly on the warm sands, and then ran quickly down the other side Into Wime

Each of the caddies was about eight ean years of age, children of the labor-ing class, whose one duty in life was to get early to the links in the morning, week-days or Sundays, wet or fine, and bring back the greatest possible number of francs every week. But while the dark one, Jeanne, showed her origin in every line of her tanned face and by the manner in which showed. moved, the fact that the character a caddic seemed incredible.

Marthe's blue print frock, darned stockings and thick boots looked curi-

stockings and thick boots looked curious wrong—a mistake. She were them with an air. And when you saw her face you began to marvel.

A pure eval it was with a tiny, pink hipped mouth, a straight, short nost, sky-blue eves, and hair of a rich, soft gold that disobeved all bows and pins and broke into irresistible kinks and coris. The hands that gripped the club.

The hands that gripped the club,

But the intensified beauty of the quiet scene stirred no emotion in the young horses, and luggage beside the driver, and a straw-hatted passenger—the first swallow of summer, the first hint of a few season. It was sufficient to make not only these two children excited, but to bring Mme. Tardot to the doorstep of the cafe on hearing the exclamations.

But the intensified beauty of the quiet scene stirred no emotion in the young seems as the stood smoking at the bedroom window in the little cafe. His eyes merely noted the general look of the characteristic decad of "courants denoted by two chairs.

Out of this room was what might have been, and looked like, an aviary or a conservatory, its roof and sides were of glass, and in accordance with the characteristic decad of "courants denoted by two chairs.

They had grown tired of driving the strain of the guiet scene stirred no emotion in the young bare been, and looked like, an aviary or a conservatory. Its roof and sides were of glass, and in accordance with the characteristic decad of "courants denoted by two chairs. he cafe on hearing the exclamations

Madame burst into lamentations of the voice wind had called him was.

You can have him?"

Yeard! He takes 20 to every green and only gives i-see tips."

Then Marthe returned to the strip of Euring this wrangle their eyes never small, thin servant girl in apron and

club again, humming a little song to herself and taking no further interest in the carrying in of his baggage which Jeanne was watching keenly.

"M. Leyden!" murmured Marthe to herself. "I like that name," and she went on humming with a sort of grunt on the final syllable of each line—"Je suis la beau Narcis-se—"

left Leyden, and the man for whom they were quarreling was marveling at the strange beauty of the golden-haired child. The dark one was all right, but the fair kid was unique.

She was se different from the ordinary "pretty child," whose expensively dressed hair glinted in the sun in the park. She seemed more grown up, possessed of a greater percention and as

CHAPTER II.

VERARD Fortescue Leyden closed the door of his bed room, thrust

swept on by way of the carver wood cane-bottomed chair in front of the closed window to the solid, stuffy walnut bedstead on which, aithough the weather was hot, there lay an eiderdown, his lips took a scornful down-mark turn.

As he leaned against the door, produced an elaborate case and lit up, after tapping his cigarette on it, you would have guessed his age as 24. His brown golf suit had 'varsity stamped all over it. But why the cynical expression at that age? Was it just a pose assumed by a man who, being temporarily short of money, was compelled to pass his vacation at what he termed a "second-rate hovel?"

The expression was not new. It was

darned da well the fact that the other girl was ination and responsiveness, a man who

though nearly as brown as Jennie's, were small and delicate and, unlike the other glal's, clean.

When she smiled the corners of her with quick fingers. These socks and stockings fell out in a tangled heap and stockings fell out in a tangled heap and

A little plane woman was Mme. Tarof very comfortane proportions, in
the wind, with their heads and hands
the wind, with their heads and hands
the wind, with their heads and hands
the promising nustache. Her character
began to wonder that the golden head
business—thanks to the advent of the

his hands into his trouser pockets and looked round the room. There was a cynical expression in his eyes, and, as they passed from the cheap washstand with the linoleum square at its foot to the high walnut wardrobe whose center panel was of looking-glass, and then, as his gaze swept on by way of the carver wood cane-bottomed chair in front of the closed window to the solid, stuffy walnut bedstead on which, although the weather was hot, there lay an eiderdown, his lips took a scornful downward turn.

He was puzzled at the meaning of her expression and greatly interested.

Jeanne dashed across the road at once with complete understanding, and stood under the window with upraised hands. Leyden looked down at her for a moment and dropped one cigarette.

"What do they call you?" he asked. The girl made a snatch at the cigarette and caught it with a little shriek of triumph.

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"What do they call you?" he asked.

The girl made a snatch at the cigarette and caught it with a little shriek of triumph.

"Jeanne." She answered.

Leyden looked across the road Marthe was leaning on her club, watching. He ocknowled to ner. She heafted a moment and the care and caught it with a little shriek of triumph.

"Jeanne dashed across the road at once with his hands into his trouser pock-

"Heavens, what a place"
His shirt cases had been carefully arranged against the wardrobe by the one

strength—and sent a great chunk of trass flying into the road.

"Well hit" cried Jeanne, sarcastically clapping her hands. She was quite a striking girl, one whom you would have turned your head to look at in the street, but by the side of Marthe she hecame almost unnoticeable.

Marthe held your eyes. You waited to see what she would do next, as if she inght change into something else at my inhunte, or even vanish altogether. She had forgotten golf now and was gazing at the hill with parted lips as if see some wonderful thing. Jeanne saw the expression of excitement in her face and torned to look also.

Inks facing him, with the red and yellow flags flapping in the breeze, the breeze, but the red-roofed clubhouse with its white-pillared veranda, the sand-dunes planticle with two by the striking girl, one whom you would have turned vour head to look at in the street, but by the side of Marthe she head forgotter golf now and was girl, and to the extreme left, the line of sea as it ran along the bright change into something else at little cluster of jumbled houses guarded by what appeared to be a fort sticking the classification into the sea, shed that curiously class light which characterizes the short half-sea some wonderful thing. Jeanne saw the expression of excitement in her face and turned to look also.

The voice was a woman's, a young wonan's.

Leyden raised his eyebrows. The daughter? She would probably, be abortively commonpiace, but there was patentially the daughter? She would probably, be abortively commonpiace, but there abortively commonpiace, but there abortively commonpiace, but there abortively commonpiace. The wonan's care would not be sea fort sticking the characterizes the abort half the star characterizes and the probability of the was a woman's.

grass across the road and swung her left Leyden, and the man for whom club again, humming a little song to they were quarreling was marveling at herself and taking no further interest in the carrying in of his baggage which child. The dark one was all right, but leavner was watching the control of the strange beauty of the golden-haired in the carrying in of his baggage which

sessed of a greater perception, and as she stood there, meeting his eyes with a half smile on her lips, he leaned slightly out of the window and produced his cigarette case once more. He held it up and raised his eyebrows at them. He was puzzled at the meaning of her

"Don't you like Egyptians?" oing man.

Marthe modded.

"Well, then?" said Leyden. He held

out two. Marthe dropped her club and took up the corners of her apron. The cigarettes fell into it. "Are you a Marie or a Marguerite?" asked Leyden.

The child wagged a finger. "Neither,

was an ordinary little French "What w turned to look also.

day.

But the intensified beauty of the quiet

Court of this successful piece with many-need bottles and glasses, and one or two small tables, each flanked by two chairs. he place and then were drawn irresist-bly to the two girls on the strip of crass.

They had grown tired of driving imax-nary balls and were standing lacks:

The carriage eagerly watched by lease three very different people, rumbled down the full on its tireless wheels with a noise resembling thunder to the accompaniment of pistol-shot crackings of the driver's whip.

An Englishman' said Jeanne, in a low voice.

Marthe said nothing, She was taking in the top half of the new arrival as the carriage drew un with a fourish and many ejaculations on the part of the driver in front of the Cafe Hardot, She remaine I silent when the Englishman got and the bottom half of him proved the in booth golfing knickers to myle's his coat and brown stockings and shoes.

But it was annoying only seeing their backs. He rattled the window and cleared his throat.

Marthe swung round instantly, looked and his head rattled on his neck as madame walked across the room, santon, Jeanne turned also, and they interested star. Was he not the only Anglais yet arrived? Had they not seen his great bag of clubs? He was their placed as by the baid of a rall-room and shoes.

But when Mme, Tardot, with all the grade and curiosity of a marquise, as and shoes.

But when Mme. Tardot, with all the grace and curiosity of a marquise, as she thought, descended one step and sald "Bonjour, Mn. Leyden, welcome." Marthe edged forward one or two paces and listened with all her ears.

The Englishman raised his hat, went up the steps and held out his hand. "You think so?" snapped Jeanne, her competitive instincts roused. "Because your father's dead you think you can the shift an hour late from Bonlogne." His French was as fluent as madame's.

Madame burst into lamentations of the said and shift and language of pilsener, and daily papers, all painted with a nail of pilsener, and daily papers, all painted with a nail of pilsener, and daily papers, all painted with a horrible exaggeration of realism.

The comer table of the dining hall, from which there was a beautiful view of the sea, road, and links, all soft in the golden sunset, had been arranged for Leyden. A steaming soup-tureen carpt his eyes as he came in from the carpt har the strugged her shoulders. "That down, wendering who the owner of the voice which had called him was.

Professional Escorts Are New Social Fad

BOSTON, Dec. 22 .- "Hello, Back Bay 6060? Mr. Richards? I want a tall, broad-shouldered escort, blonde preferred, and a jolly good dancer, for tomorrow night."

Just like that. That's all that's necessary. The little Miss at this end of the wire is talking to J. Jefferson Richards, fashionable Back Bay dancing master, and, of late, dealer in expert escorts, direct from Harvard.

high at Harvard as elsewhere, the class is growing.

LITTLE FIGHTS WITH FATE

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co.) By Alma Woodward,

that the surburban real estate com-panies speak of as being the "precious which we're living-not to us individ-

HE tate Tardot et du Golf Club way. "What will monsieur please to drink?" Leyden's pessimism was all 100 cor rect. The

rect. The voice was that which had summoned him to the meal. His disap-pointment made him avoid her eye. "Where's the wine list?"

HAT the average youngster is usually there with a ready rea-

"You haven't!" severely responded nother, "Well, why haven't you?" inother, "Well, why haven't you?"
"Because," explained Willie, "papa
says that the map of the world is

The Melton-Rhodes Company (Inc.)

Our Christmas Gift to the Public-

(FACTORY TO CONSUMER)

The escort will be forthcoming, faultlessly attired, conventionally correct, a postgraduate in the lango, and ready to accept whatever commission Back Bay Miss cares to contribute to the cause of learning. Several Harvers men have volunteered "work" at the new trade, and as the high cost of living is as

ALWAYS thought that when I had tent and "home atmosphere. And inchildren I'd bring thom up according to illuminated texts. I their plans for a Tuture that will give had imaginary pictures of them the less and less of them. And I grow tunning down some kind of path to meet me when I returned home from a particularly grinding day downtown.

I articularly grinding day downtown.

cap peering in at him from the door-way.
"What will monsteur please to drink?"

changing every day, and I thought that I would wait until things got settled a bit."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

(Continued tomorrow.) Willie's Reason.

whose unter line on perceived the signs of a promising mustache. Her character was revealed by her garments. Her respect for the conventions led her to weak head were conspiring when all at once a film of smoke wafted on the conventions led her to when all at once a film of smoke wafted on the conventions led her to go when all at once a film of smoke wafted on the conventions led her to go when all at once a film of smoke wafted on the conventions led her to go when all at once a film of smoke wafted on the fishings and seeing life in however small a way, which made her the properties of a cafe, caused her to as they stood there blowing our clouds with those of the glass door, and a piano they stood there blowing our clouds with those of the glass door, and a piano they stood there blowing our clouds with those of the glass door, and a piano they stood there blowing our clouds with those of the glass door, and a piano they stood there blowing our clouds with those of the glass door, and a piano they stood there blowing our clouds with those of the glass door, and a piano they stood there blowing our clouds with those of the glass door, and a piano they stood there blowing our clouds with those of the glass door, and a piano they stood there blowing our clouds with those of the glass door, and a piano they stood there blowing our clouds with those of the glass door, and a piano the proposed to book from Martie. Somehew or other blowing our clouds with those of the glass door, and a piano they stood there blowing our clouds with those of the glass door, and a piano the proposed to broke from Martie. Somehew or other blowing our clouds with those of the glass door, and a piano they stood there blowing our clouds with those of the glass door, and a piano the proposed to broke from Martie. Somehew or other blowing our clouds with those of the glass door, and a piano the proposed to the fact that they were being watched. A group of workmen on the way back to their home can trainping round the beat the proposed to th

11TH AND H STS. N. W.

Book Cases, cak and \$2.00 Costumers, tak and \$3.75 Open evenium beginning Monday

Leyden waved his hand indeclsively.
"Oh! say 10 o'clock.
"Ten o'clock. Bien, monsieur." She turned to Jeanne. "What did I tell you?
Good night, monsieur."

She picked up her club again and stowed away the cigarettes, after examining them minutely, into a little red pocketbook which she produced from under her apron. When she had gone about ten yards she turned, saw Leyden about ten yards she turned, saw Leyden about ten yards she turned. Saw Leyden about ten yards she turned. Saw Leyden about the independence knows no about the manufacture.

Then the children came. At first they ence gives them that frank, sincere manner that they have. Nothing shy and underhanded about them; every-thing straight from the shoulder. In about ten yards she turned, saw Leyden grown their independence knows no take care of themselves—don't worry about them."

though nearly as brown as Jennics, were small and delicate and, unlike the other gl.T's, clean of them onto the message and with quick fingers. Ties, socks and made an many-colored patch on the without have been dead of the curious praint of the quick fingers. Ties, socks and made an many-colored patch on the possession and patch on the many made and many-colored patch on the proposed leaves the many the proposed fine as an investigation of the proposed fine and pulled it vide oren. The proposed fine the proposed fine and pulled it vide oren. The work with intense and many-colored patch on the door.

The voice was a woman's, a young fine the plant of the proposed fine and pulled it vide oren. The work with intense and many-colored patch on the proposed fine and pulled it vide oren. The work was much love as I leave with intense and many-colored patch on the proposed fine and pulled it vide oren. The work was much love as I leave with intense and many-colored patch on the proposed fine and pulled it vide oren. The work was much love as I leave with any time from the proposed fine and pulled it vide oren. The work was much love as I leave with any time from the proposed fine proposed fine proposed fine and pulled it vide oren. The work was much love as I leave with any time from the proposed fine proposed fine proposed fine proposed fine proposed fine proposed fine propos

What Spider Indicated.

THEN Mark Twain, in his early "Where's the wine list"

The damsel produced one from the sideboard and laid it open at his elbow. The Englishman glanced through the beers, turned to the wines, and gave his ing that he had found a spider in his paper, and asking him whether this was a sign of good luck or bad. The humoist wrote him this answer and printed it "Old Subscriber-Finding a spider in your paper was neither good luck nor had luck for you. The spider was merely looking over our paper to see which son was demonstrated the other merchant is not advertising, so that he can go to that store and lead a life of

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undisturbed peace ever after Pice burgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Gas and Oil Lamps, newest styles and finishes, 10% discount. Electric Lamps for desk and table, complete with Mazda bulbs, cord, and plug, 15% discount. All priced ready to light. Many beautiful lamps to select from, and at the reductions above quoted are exceptional values.

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Kansas Training Girls in Good Housekeeping

By FRANCES L. BROWN (Kansas Agriculture College.)

Five thousand Kansas girls who cannot afford to attend school have been given elementary instruction in a course of domestic science and arts during the last three years through "Boys and Girls Clubs." Not satisfied with leading all other States in the percentage of her young people attending college, the State of Kansas planned, and put through a system of education for those young people whose arents needed them at home.

Four years ago when a woman's time was given wholly to the extension of such lines of college work as the womankind of the State should desire, one of the first demands was for such training in cookery and sewing as could be carried on by correspondence. Ac-

cordingly, the Girls' Home Economics Club work came into existence. Wherever there is a group of girls who wish to take a series of lessons regularly, a club is organized. Wherever it is possible, these clubs are affiliated with high schools, and we find that, as a rule,

teachers make the best leaders for the clubs. The clubs meet once a week. Reports of what the students have accomplished at their homes are read, and work is planned for the ensuing week. In some of the clubs the theory of the lesson is explained by the leader, or by the pupils, and then demonstrations are either given by the teacher alone or by several of the students. In

many clubs the students take regular turns in giving demonstrations. Often when the schoolroom is the meeting place, each girl works out her lesson in her own kitchen and prepares a paper which is delivered at the next meeting. The expenses of these clubs are slight.

The college receives no pay for this work and gives no credit for the courses, the work being solely a means of self-improvement to the girls, and to carry to them as much education in home economics as

In sewing, the first course is made up of elementary steps often termed model work or handsewing and is supplemented by finished articles that will illustrate the work. The second course is a tape and rule system of drafting and making of undergarments. A third course is under preparation now and will deal with the subject of alterations of patterns, care and cleaning of clothing, and kindred subjects.

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\$1.50 Per Plate

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you'd better reserve a table in advance-for New

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If you're going to dine out, dine here-and

to 8:30 in the Handsome Crystal Room-at

He Could Try It. GENTLEMAN gave a dinner party in Dublin once and invited Mr. O'Connor, one of the wittiest men in the Emerald Isle, to amuse and divert his guests. State, has a son in Montana. Mr. O'Connor accepted the invitation, One day the Senator met the old lady,

Mr. O'Connor accepted the invitation with pleasure. But from the beginning to the end of the dinner ac preserved solemn and serious face. The host thought this very strange, and just before rising from the table_remarked to him jestingly: "Why, O'Connor, old fellow, I don't believe the biggest fool in Ireland could make you laugh tonight."

Whereupon his guest answered in a "that he's widne here sent to the Lead."

Whereupon his guest answered in a column tone, speaking his first word ha tevening: "Try."—Pittsburgh Chron-cle-Telegraph.

"He just writ me, said the old lady, "that he's done been sent to the Legislature. I don't know for what or for how long, but I prays God they'll be cle-Telegraph.

elaborate menu.

Ebbitt Dinners are popular.

Boys Will Be Boys.

CENATOR CULLOM of Illinois gets a good laugh out of the story he tells about an old lady who, although she is a resident of his

ROWLAND & CLIFFORD Present A Play of Wealth and Poverty THE COST OF LIVING By Wm. Anthony McGuire. Next Week-The Spendthrift.

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